

ing at pictures of the "One who seeks the lost." The Bible Lesson pictures were of great value to him, and when he was told he could select one for himself, his joy knew no bounds.

"O, I will take the shepherd one. I wonder if he knows I am his lamb?" And the large lustrous eyes filled with tears.

The dread diphtheria was in the tenement where he lived. His mother did not know how to care for him. The beloved picture was pinned up by his cot where he could always see it.

"Mamma, I'm going to die, and go to the Shepherd of Israel; won't you put the picture in the coffin when I'm carried out?"

One night the Good Shepherd gathered this little lamb to his bosom, and little Jacob was at rest.—*New York Observer*.

PARSON NEVERFAIL'S DREAM.

LEANDER S. KEYSER.

It was a quiet Sunday evening in autumn. Parson Neverfail had just returned from the evening service at his church, and was, perhaps, feeling a little "blue." Somehow he was haunted by a feeling of uneasiness, such as an earnest pastor often feels.

"What shall I do to keep my young people faithful to the church and its services?"

That was the *gravamen* of his thoughts this evening as he sat brooding on the veranda. All the while the crickets were chirping their serenade in the grass, and with their music jingling in his ears, the parson fell asleep and dreamed a dream.

What great ado was this? It was a moral movement among the colony of crickets in the grassy yard. "Our young crickets must be trained for better service," one leading old cricket chirruped.

And so the youngsters were organized, and the movement toward higher moral culture was soon well under way. Meetings were called, and, oddly enough, a special meeting was held every Sunday evening, and the youngsters attended it in large numbers. It was their service.

One large, middle-aged cricket, who was a preacher, did not seem to get into touch with the movement among the youthful crickets. More than once he chirruped in shrill, petulant tones from his dock leaf pulpit: "Young people are not *loyal* to their *pastor*. It is hypocritical to take solemn vows and then break them recklessly by disloyalty to the pastor! The idea of running away from the church when the pastor preaches, as some of the young crickets do! It's abominable."

This was the burden of his complaint

again and again, until at length a good, sensible old cricket, seeing that he was driving the young folks from the church, took him in hand.

"Brother," he said, "if you want to win and hold your young people, you must cease scolding them; you must preach them good, helpful, interesting sermons. Make it worth while for them to remain for the preaching service. Give them something to stay for. Besides—but how often have you attended *their* meetings?"

"Well, I go now and then," mumbled the preacher cricket.

"Yes, only semi-occasionally; and when you do go, you usually criticise the young folks. You see," pursued the sage adviser, "you have been thinking only of *their* being loyal to *you*, and not of *your* being loyal to *them*. Do you see? This is a mutual affair. There are duties on both sides."

"Ah, I see!" chirped the cricket preacher catching the point at once. "I see! I shall have to change my ways. I've been selfish and one-sided."

He did amend his ways, and you should have seen how the young crickets rallied around him.

"Why, he's the kindest pastor and the most helpful preacher in town," quoth the president of the young crickets' society. "It's no temptation now to go anywhere else." And all the young crickets cried, "Aye, aye!"

Parson Neverfail woke up at this strategic point, and being a wise man, he thought over the dream and learned the interpretation thereof.—*Religious Telescope*.

"IT WILL LIGHT YOU HOME."

GERARD B. F. HALLOCK.

"The word of the Lord is tried." It has stood and will stand every test, and will ever commend itself alike to our hearts and our reason. Our wisest effort will always be in trying to lead people to put it to the test of personal experience, for every one who does so test it will find it a lamp to his feet, guiding his steps toward home.

We have been told of a man of Christian purpose who went a distance of one or two miles into a neighborhood where few could read to spend an evening reading the Bible to a company who were assembled to listen. As he was about to return, by a narrow way through the woods, he was provided with a torch of light wood or pitch pine. "I objected," said he, "that it was too small, weighing not over half a pound. 'It will light you home,' answered my host. I said: 'The wind may blow it out.' He said: 'It will

light you home.' 'But if it should rain?' I again objected. 'It will light you home,' he insisted. Contrary to my fears, it gave abundant light to my path all the way home."

Just so it will be with every one who will take the Bible torch to lighten his feet along the narrow way. Does some one bring criticism of the Bible? Answer: "It will light you home." Does another offer objections? Urge again: "It will light you home." To every argument of distrust or doubt, let your persistent answer be, in the words of the man who furnished the torch: "It will light you home." The test of experience is the disarming of criticism. Each honest reader will come to say: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

This is the blessed work every Christian is privileged to do, the delightful work of putting into the hands of souls groping in the dark a lamp which will guide them home.—*New York Observer*.

THE PAINTER'S MISTAKE.

A young woman with some ambitions as a painter submitted specimens of her skill to a successful artist, the other evening, and his criticism is of such wide application that we thought to share it with our readers. "Don't copy copies," said he. "You have copied this landscape from a picture that was itself an imperfect copy, with the result that all its errors are reproduced and magnified. Go out into nature and paint directly from your own landscape. Or, if you must copy, copy from a masterpiece. Anything else is not worth while." Yes; and, young Christian, do not pattern your life after the life of some one else, who at best is only an imitation of the perfect One. Imitate for yourself the only life that is worth imitating. Look unto Jesus.—*Golden Rule*.

KEPT AFTER SCHOOL.

Sometimes boys and girls have to "stay in" after school to study the lessons they failed to learn before school closed. Then how sorry they are, and how they wish they had studied harder. Sometimes scholars are kept after school because they have been naughty, and must be punished. Agnes Lewis Miller, in *St. Nicholas*, tells of two such boys in the following lines:

"I am sorry," said their teacher,
"To keep you, Tom and Joe;
I do not like to punish you,
Because it grieves me so."
But hopeful Tommy whispered
To naughty little Joe,
"Is she's so *very* sorry,
Maybe she'll let us go!"